

THE WOOING OF WISTARIA

"It is I, Jiro, returned to thee."

But where was Jiro, and who was this white being who had taken his place? Not the Lady Wistaria, she who had become a priestess because of her wrongs. Then her lips framed themselves in words that reached his consciousness.

"If it please thee, my lord, I am Jiro."

"Lady Wistaria!" he gasped.

"I am Wistaria," she said.

Slowly, with the movement of one dazed, Mori moved towards her. Her exquisite hands she held out to him. He seized them with his own. For a moment he held them in a close, spasmodic clasp, then suddenly he sank to the floor, burying his face in the folds of her kimono.

But the Lady Wistaria was upon her knees beside him, her hands upon his head.

THE END